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EVANGELINE

LONGFELLOW

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EDITED BY

E. O. VAILE

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INTELLIGENCE AND WEEK'S CURRENT

OAK PARK, (CHICAGO), ILL.

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EVANGELINE

A TALE OF ACADIE

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

E. O. VAILE



INTELLIGENCE AND WEEEK'S CURRENT
OAK PARK, (CHICAGO), ILL.

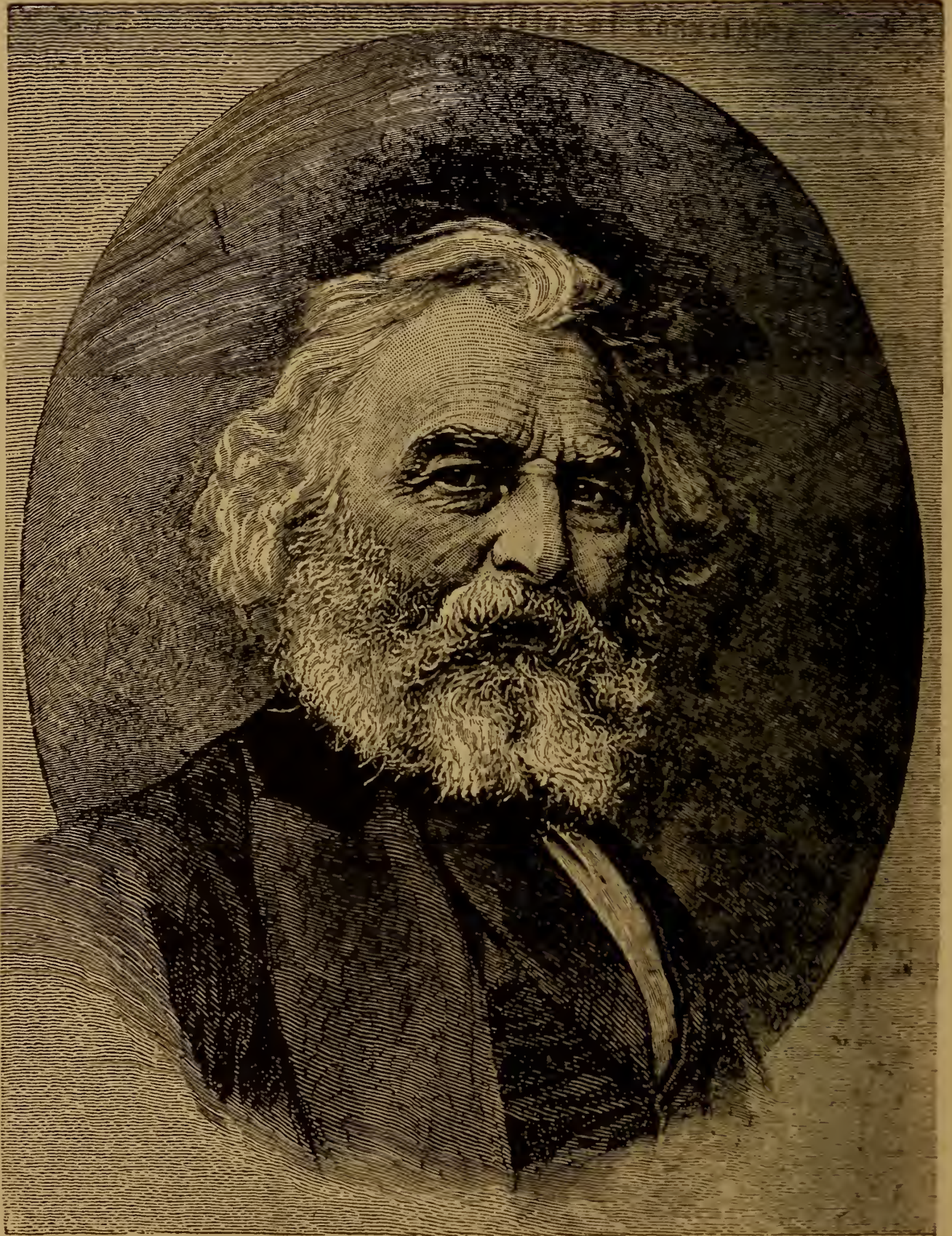
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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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EVANGELINE.

It is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and
the hemlocks,
Covered with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the
twilight,
And like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
and like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean 5
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that
beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the
voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian
farmers,—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the wood-
lands, 10
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of
heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever
departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of
October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far
o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of
Grand-Pré. 15

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and
 is patient,
 Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's de-
 votion,
 List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of
 the forest;
 List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
 Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré 21
 Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the
 eastward,
 Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without
 number.
 Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor
 incessant,
 Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the
 flood-gates 25
 Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
 meadows.
 West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and
 cornfields
 Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to
 the northward
 Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the
 mountains
 Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
 Atlantic 30
 Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
 descended.
 There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian vil-
 lage.
 Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of
 chestnut,

Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of
the Henries.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables
projecting 35

Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-
way.

There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly
the sunset

Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the
chimneys,

Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden 40

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within
doors,

Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the
songs of the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the
children

Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless
them.

Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons
and maidens, 45

Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate wel-
come.

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely
the sun sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the
belfry

Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the vil-
lage

Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascend-
ing,

Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and con-
tentment. 51

Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—

Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they
 free from
 Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of re-
 publics.
 Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
 windows; 55
 But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the
 owners;
 There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abun-
 dance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin
 of Minas,
 Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
 Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his
 household, 60
 Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the
 village.
 Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy
 winters;
 Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-
 flakes;
 White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks were as
 brown as the oak-leaves.
 Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
 Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn
 by the wayside, 66
 Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown
 shade of her tresses!
 Sweet was her breath as the breath of the kine that feed in
 the meadows.
 When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
 Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the
 maiden. 70
 Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from
 its turret

Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his
hyssop

Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon
them,

Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads
and her missal,

Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the
earrings 75

Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an
heirloom,

Handed down from mother to child, through long genera-
tions.

But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—

Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after con-
fession,

Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her. 80

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exqui-
site music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the
farmer

Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a
shady

Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing
around it.

Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a
footpath 85

Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the
meadow.

Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a pent-
house,

Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-
side,

Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.

Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with
its moss-grown 90

Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard;

There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows;

There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,

Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame 95

Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter. Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one

Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft. There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates 100

Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sung of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré

Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.

Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, 105

Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;

Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended, And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,

Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; 110

Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whis-
pered

Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.

But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith, 115
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all
men;

For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and na-
tions,

Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the
people.

Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest
childhood

Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagog both in the village, had taught them
their letters 121

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church
and the plain-song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson com-
pleted,

Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the black-
smith.

There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold
him 125

Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-
thing,

Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the
cart-wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering dark-
ness

Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every
cranny and crevice, 130

Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bel-
lows,

And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the
ashes,

Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the
chapel.

Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the
meadow. 135

Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the
rafters,

Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the
swallow

Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its
fledglings;

Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swal-
low!

Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were
children. 140

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the
morning,

Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought
into action.

She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a
woman.

“Sunshine of Saint Eulalie” was she called; for that was
the sunshine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards
with apples; 145

She too would bring to her husband's house delight and
abundance,

Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow
colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the laden air, from the ice-bound,
bound, 150

Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September

Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.

All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.

Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
honey 155

Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.

Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that
beautiful season,

Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!

Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and
the landscape 160

Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart
of the ocean

Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony
blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the
farmyards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the
great sun 166

Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors
around him;

While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of
the forest

Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with
mantles and jewels. 170

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and
 stillness,
 Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight
 descending
 Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to
 the homestead.
 Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on
 each other,
 And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of
 evening. 175
 Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
 Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved
 from her collar,
 Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
 Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from
 the seaside,
 Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed
 the watch-dog, 180
 Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his
 instinct,
 Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
 Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
 Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their
 protector,
 When from the forest at night, through the starry silence,
 the wolves howled. 185
 Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the
 marshes,
 Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
 Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and
 their fetlocks,
 While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous
 saddles,
 Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of
 crimson, 190
 Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their
udders

Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular
cadence

Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.

Lowling of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the
farmyard, 195

Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;

Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the
barndoors,

Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the
farmer

Sat in his elbow chair, and watched how the flames and
the smoke-wreaths 200

Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind
him,

Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fan-
tastic,

Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into
darkness.

Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his armchair

Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on
the dresser 205

Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the
sunshine.

Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christ-
mas,

Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him

Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian
vineyards.

Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,

Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind
her. 211

Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent
shuttle,

While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone
of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments
together.

As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals
ceases, 215

Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at
the altar,

So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the
clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, sud-
denly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its
hinges.

Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the
blacksmith, 220

And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with
him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused
on the threshold,

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the
settle

Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without
thee;

Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of to-
bacco; 225

Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face
gleams

Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of
the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the
blacksmith,

Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—

"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy
ballad! 231

Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled
with

Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a
horseshoe."

Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline
brought him, 235

And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly
continued:—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their
anchors

Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed
against us.

What their design may be is unknown; but all are com-
manded

On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's
mandate 240

Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the mean
time

Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier
purpose

Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in
England

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle
and children." 246

"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly
the blacksmith,

Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he con-
tinued:—

"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port
Royal.

Many already have fled to the forest; and lurk on its out-
skirts, 250

Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.

Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all
kinds;

Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe
of the mower."

Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial
farmer:—

"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our
cornfields, 255

Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of
sorrow

Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the
contract.

Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the
village 260

Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the
glebe round about them,

Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a
twelve-month.

René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and ink-
horn.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our
children?"

As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her
lover's, 265

Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had
spoken,

And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the
ocean,

Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary
public;

Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize,
hung 270

Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with
horn bows

Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.

Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hun-
dred

Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great
watch tick.

Four long years in the times of the war had he languished
a captive, 275

Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the
English.

Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and child-
like.

He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest, 280
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the
horses,

And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchris-
tened

Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of
children;

And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nut-
shell, 285

And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and
horseshoes,

With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.

Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the black-
smith,

Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his
right hand,

"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the
talk in the village, 290

And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and
their errand."

Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary pub-
lic,—

"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the
wiser;

And what their errand may be I know no better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention 295
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest
us?"

"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible
blacksmith;

"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and
the wherefore?

Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the
strongest!"

But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary
public,— 300

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often con-
soled me,

When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port
Royal."

This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to re-
peat it

Whenever neighbors complained that any injustice was
done them. 305

"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remem-
ber,

Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left
hand,

And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice pre-
sided

Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the
people. 310

Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the
balance,

Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine
above them.

But in the course of time the laws of the land were cor-
rupted;

Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed,
and the mighty

Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's
palace 315

That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in Heaven her innocent spirit as-
cended, 320

Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its
left hand

Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the
balance,

And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was in-
woven." 325

Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the
blacksmith

Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no lan-
guage;

All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as
the vapors

Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the
winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the
table, 330

Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-
brewed

Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the vil-
lage of Grand Pré;

While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and ink-
horn,

Wrote with a steady hand the date, and the age of the
parties,

Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in
cattle. 335

Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were com-
pleted,

And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the
margin.

Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;

And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and bride-
groom, 340

Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their wel-
fare.

Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and
departed,

While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its cor-
ner.

Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old
men 345

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made
in the king-row.

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's em-
brasure,

Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon
rise 349

Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the
angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Anon the bell from the
belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straight-
way
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the
household. 355
Many a farewell word and sweet good night on the door-
step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with
gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the
hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the
maiden. 362
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of
her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and
its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully
folded 365
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her hus-
band in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a
housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radi-
ant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till
the heart of the maiden 370
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of
the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she tood
with

Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
 Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the
 orchard,

Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp
 and her shadow. 375

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of
 sadness

Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the
 moonlight

Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a mo-
 ment.

And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the
 moon pass

Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her
 footsteps, 380

As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with
 Hagar.

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of
 Grand-Pré,
 Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of
 Minas,

Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding
 at anchor.

Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
 Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of
 the morning. 386

Now from the country around, from the farms and neigh-
 boring hamlets,

Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
 Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the
 young folk

Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous
 meadows, 390

Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the
 greensward,

Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the
highway.

Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were
silenced.

Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups
at the house-doors 394

Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped to-
gether.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and
feasted;

For with this simple people, who lived like brothers to-
gether,

All things were held in common, and what one had was
another's.

Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abund-
ant:

For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father; 400
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and
gladness

Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she
gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the
notary seated; 405

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the
beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts
and of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his
snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fid-
dler 410

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from
the embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dun-*
kerque,

And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
 Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
 Under the orchard trees and down the path to the mead-
 ows; 416

Old folk and young together, and children mingled among
 them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's
 daughter!

Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the black-
 smith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons
 sonorous 420

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a
 drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in
 the churchyard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung
 on the headstones

Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the
 forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching
 proudly among them 425

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant
 clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and
 casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
 Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the
 soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps
 of the altar, 430

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal com-
 mission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous. 435

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there 439

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people! Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty’s pleasure!”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer, Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hail-stones

Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field, and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs, 445

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures; So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger, And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway. 450

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads
of the others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the black-
smith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and
wildly he shouted,— 455

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn
them allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes
and our harvests!”

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a
soldier

Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the
pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry conten-
tion, 460

Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the
altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into
silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and
mournful 465

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock
strikes.

“What is this that ye do, my children? what madness has
seized you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and
taught you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and
privations? 470

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgive-
ness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you
profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with
hatred?

Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon
you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy com-
passion! 475

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, for-
give them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked
assail us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'"

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his
people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate
outbreak, 480

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, for-
give them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed
from the altar;

Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the
people responded,

Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with
devotion translated, 485

Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to
heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill
and on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and
children.

Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right
hand

Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, de-
scending, 490

Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and
roofed each

Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its
windows.

Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the
table;

There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with
wild flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh
brought from the dairy; 495

And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the
farmer.

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad ambrosial
meadows.

Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial as-
cended,— 500

Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and
patience!

Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of
the women,

As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they de-
parted,

Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their
children. 505

Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering
vapors

Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending
from Sinai.

Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline
lingered.

All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the win-
dows 510

Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by
emotion,

“Gabriel!” cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no
answer

Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave
of the living.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of
her father.

Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the
supper untasted, 515

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phan-
toms of terror.

Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her
chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain
fall

Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the
window.

Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing
thunder 520

Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world
he created!

Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice
of Heaven;

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slum-
bered till morning.

V.

FOUR times the sun had risen and set; and now on the
fifth day

Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-
house. 525

Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful proces-
sion,

Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian
 women,
 Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the
 seashore,
 Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their
 dwellings,
 Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and
 the woodland. 530
 Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the
 oxen,
 While in their little hands they clasped some fragments
 of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there
 on the sea-beach
 Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
 All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats
 ply; 535
 All day long the wains came laboring down from the vil-
 lage.
 Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
 Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the
 churchyard.
 Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden
 the church doors
 Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in
 gloomy procession 540
 Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian
 farmers.
 Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and
 their country,
 Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and
 way-worn,
 So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants de-
 scended
 Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and
 their daughters. 545

Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their
 voices,

Sang with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Mis-
 sions:—

“Sacred heart of the Saviour! O inexhaustible fountain!
 Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and
 patience!”

Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that
 stood by the wayside 550

Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine
 above them

Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits de-
 parted.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
 Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of afflic-
 tion,—

Calmly and sadly she waited; until the procession ap-
 proached her, 555

And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.

Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
 Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder,
 and whispered,—

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another

Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may
 happen!” 560

Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for
 her father

Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his
 aspect!

Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his
 eye, and his footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his
 bosom.

But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and
 embraced him, 565

Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort
 . availed not.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful
 procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of em-
 barking.

Busily plied the freighted boats: and in the confusion
 Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too
 late, saw their children 570

Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest en-
 treaties.

So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
 While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her
 father.

Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and
 the twilight

Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent
 ocean 575

Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-
 beach

Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery
 seaweed.

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the
 wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
 All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
 Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian
 farmers. 581

Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
 Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leav-
 ing

Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the
 sailors.

Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from
 their pastures; 585

Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from
their udders;

Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of
the farm-yard,—

Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of
the milkmaid.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Ange-
lus sounded,

Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from
the windows. 590

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been
kindled,

Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks
in the tempest.

Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were
gathered,

Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying
of children.

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his
parish, 595

Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and
cheering,

Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with
her father,

And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought
or emotion, 600

E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been
taken.

Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer
him,

Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not,
he spake not,

But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-
light.

"Benedicite!" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
 More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and
 his accents 606
 Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on
 a threshold,
 Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence
 of sorrow.
 Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the
 maiden,
 Raising his tearful eyes to the silent stars that above them
 Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sor-
 rows of mortals. 611
 Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in
 silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the
 blood-red
 Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the hori-
 zon
 Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain
 and meadow, 615
 Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows
 together.
 Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the
 village,
 Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in
 the roadstead.
 Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
 Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quiver-
 ing hands of a martyr. 620
 Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch,
 and, uplifting,
 Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hun-
 dred house-tops
 Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame inter-
 mingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore
and on shipboard.

Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their
anguish, 625

“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of
Grand-Pré!”

Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of
cattle

Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs inter-
rupted.

Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping
encampments 630

Far in the western prairies of forests that skirt the Ne-
braska,

When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed
of the whirlwind,

Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds
and the horses

Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed
o'er the meadows. 635

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest
and the maiden

Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened
before them;

And as they turned at length to speak to their silent com-
panion,

Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on
the seashore 639

Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his
bosom.

Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multi-
tude near her. 645

Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing
upon her,

Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the land-
scape,

Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces
around her, 649

And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.

Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—

“Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of
our exile,

Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the church-
yard.”

Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by
the sea-side, 655

Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-
Pré.

And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sor-
row,

Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congre-
gation,

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the
dirges. 660

'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the
ocean,

With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying
landward.

Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of em-
barking;

And with the ebb of the tide the ships sailed out of the
harbor,

Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village
in ruins. 665

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of
Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed; 670
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind
from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of
Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city
to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
savannas,—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
Father of Waters 675
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the
ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,
heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor
a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the
churchyards. 680
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and
wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all
things.

Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
 Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its path-
 way

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suf-
 fered before her, 685

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and
 abandoned,

As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
 Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the
 sunshine.

Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, un-
 finished; 689

As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
 Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
 Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever
 within her,

Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the
 spirit,

She would commence again her endless search and en-
 deavor; 695

Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the
 crosses and tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in
 its bosom

He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside
 him.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved
 and known him, 699

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” they said; “Oh, yes! we have seen
 him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to
 the prairies;

Coueurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trap-
 pers.” 705

“Gabriel Lajeunesse!” said others; “Oh, yes! we have seen him.

He is a voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana.”

Then would they say, “Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others 709

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary’s son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine’s tresses.”

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, “I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere. 715

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.”

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,

Said, with a smile, “O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee! 719

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.

Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. 725

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and
waited.

Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whis-
pered, "Despair not!" 730

Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless dis-
comfort,

Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of exist-
ence.

Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of
existence;

But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the
valley: 735

Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its
water

Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals **only**;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms **that**
conceal it,

Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous mur-
mur;

Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an
outlet. 740

II:

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boat-
men.

It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the ship-
wrecked 745

Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,

Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common
misfortune;

Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by
hearsay,

Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred
farmers

On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.

With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father

Felician. 751

Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre
with forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;

Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its
borders.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where
plumelike 755

Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with
the current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars

Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their
margin,

Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans
waded. 759

Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,

Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,

Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dove-
cots.

They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual
summer,

Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange
and citron, 764

Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the

Bayou of Plaquemine,

Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,

Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the
cypress

Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air 770

Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient
cathedrals.

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the
herons

Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac
laughter.

Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on
the water, 775

Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining
the arches,

Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through
chinks in a ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things
around them;

And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and
sadness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be com-
passed. 780

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mi-
mosa,

So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has
attained it.

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that
faintly 785

Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the
moonlight.

It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of
a phantom.

Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered be-
fore her,

And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen, 790

And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.

Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,

Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.

Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music. 795

Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance, Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;

But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness; And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.

Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight, 800

Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs, Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers, And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,

Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest, Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator. 805

Thus ere another noon they emerged from the shades; and before them

Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya. Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus 809

Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia
blossoms,

And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges
of roses,

Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were sus-
pended. 815

Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the
margin,

Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the
greensward,

Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slum-
bered.

Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.

Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the
grape-vine 820

Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom
to blossom.

Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered be-
neath it.

Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening
heaven 825

Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer, ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and
trappers.

Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison
and beaver. 830

At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and
careworn.

Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a
sadness

Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
 Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and rest-
 less, 834

Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
 Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
 But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmet-
 tos;

So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in
 the willows;

All undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were
 the sleepers;

Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering
 maiden. 840

Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the
 prairie.

After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the
 distance,

As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
 Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
 Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
 Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition? 846
 Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my
 spirit?"

Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous
 fancy!

Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
 But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he
 answered,— 850

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me
 without meaning,

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the
 surface

Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is
 hidden.

Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls
 illusions.

Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the south-
ward, 855

On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and
St. Martin,

There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to
her bridegroom,

There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-
fold.

Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-
trees;

Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of
heavens 860

Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the
forest.

They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisi-
ana."

With these words of cheer they arose and continued their
journey.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western hori-
zon

Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the land-
scape; 865

Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled
together.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless
water.

Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feel-
ing 871

Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters
around her.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest
of singers,

Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
 Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
 That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed
 silent to listen. 876

Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to
 madness

Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bac-
 chantes.

Single notes were then heard; in sorrowful, low lamenta-
 tion;

Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in
 derision, 880

As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-
 tops

Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the
 branches.

With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with
 emotion,

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the
 green Opelousas,

And, through the amber air, above the crest of the wood-
 land, 885

Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring
 dwelling;—

Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of
 cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks
 from whose branches

Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
 Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-
 tide, 890

Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A
 garden

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
 Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of
 timbers

Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
 Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns sup-
 ported, 895

Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious ve-
 randa,

Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around
 it.

At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
 Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
 Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
 Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and
 sunshine 901

Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in
 shadow,

And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
 Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.

In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a path-
 way 905

Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limit-
 less prairie,

Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
 Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
 Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the
 tropics,

Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-
 vines. 910

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the
 prairie,

Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
 Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
 Broad and brown was the face that from under the Span-
 ish sombrero

Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its
master. 915

Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were
grazing

Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the
landscape.

Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of
the evening. 921

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the
cattle

Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er
the prairie,

And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the dis-
tance. 925

Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the
gate of the garden

Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing
to meet him.

Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement,
and forward

Pushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the
blacksmith. 930

Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and
answer

Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly
embraces,

Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and
thoughtful.

Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts
and misgivings 935

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embar-
 rassed,
 Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atcha-
 falaya,
 How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on
 the bayous?"
 Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade
 passed.
 Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous
 accent, 940
 "Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his
 shoulder,
 All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and
 lamented.
 Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he
 said it,—
 "Be of good cheer, my child; it is only to-day he departed.
 Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my
 horses. 945
 Moody and restless grown, and tried and troubled, his spirit
 Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
 Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
 Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
 He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
 Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and
 sent him 951
 Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Span-
 iards.
 Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Moun-
 tains,
 Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the
 beaver.
 Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive
 lover; 955
 He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are
 against him.

Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the
morning,

We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of
the river,

Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the
fiddler. 960

Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olym-
pus,

Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.

Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.

"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian min-
strel!"

As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and
straightway 965

Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the
old man

Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enrapp-
tured,

Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and
daughters.

Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the ci-devant
blacksmith, 970

All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal de-
meanor;

Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the
climate.

And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who
would take them;

Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and
do likewise.

Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy
veranda, 975

Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of
Basil

Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illuming the landscape with
silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within
doors, 980
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glim-
mering lamplight.

Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the
herdsman

Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless
profusion.

Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches
tobacco,

Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as
they listened:— 985

“Welcome once more, my friends, who long have been
friendless and homeless,

Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance
than the old one!

Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel
through the water. 990

All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and
grass grows

More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.

Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the
prairies;

Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of
timber

With a few blows of the ax are hewn and framed into
houses. 995

After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with
harvests,

No King George of England shall drive you away from
 your homesteads,
 Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms
 and your cattle."

Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his
 nostrils,

While his huge, brown hand came thundering down on the
 table, 1000

So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, as-
 tounded,

Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his
 nostrils.

But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder
 and gayer:—

"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
 For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate, 1005
 Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nut-
 shell!"

Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps
 approaching

Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
 It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
 Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the
 herdsman. 1010

Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors:
 Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before
 were as strangers,

Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
 Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
 But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
 From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
 Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
 All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the
 • maddening • 1018

Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the
 music,

Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering
garments. 1020

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and
the herdsman

Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sad-
ness 1025

Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the
garden.

Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the
forest,

Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the
river

Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous
gleam of the moonlight,

Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious
spirit. 1030

Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the
garden

Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and
confessions

Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows
and night-dews,

Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical
moonlight 1035

Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden-gate, and beneath the shade of the
oak-trees,

Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless
prairie.

Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite num-
bers. 1040

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the
 heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and
 worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that
 temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Uphar-
 sin."

And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-
 flies, 1045
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my be-
 loved!

Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach
 me?

Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands
 around me! 1050

Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast laid down to rest, and to dream of me in thy
 slumbers!

When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about
 thee?"

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill
 sounded

Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbor-
 ing thickets, 1055

Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into
 silence.

"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of
 darkness;

And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-
 morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the
 garden

Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed
his tresses . 1060

With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of
crystal.

“Farewell!” said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy
threshold;

“See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting
and famine,

And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bride-
groom was coming.”

“Farewell!” answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil
descended 1065

Down to the river’s brink, where the boatmen already were
waiting.

Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine,
and gladness,

Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding
before them, 1068

Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake, or forest, or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and
uncertain

Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and deso-
late country;

Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,

Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the gar-
rulous landlord 1075

That on the day before, with horses and guides and com-
panions,

Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the moun-
tains

Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous
summits.

Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge,
like a gateway, 1080

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's
wagon,

Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owy-
hee.

Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river
Mountains,

Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Ne-
braska;

And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish
Sierras, 1085

Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of
the desert,

Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the
ocean,

Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibra-
tions.

Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beauti-
ful prairies, 1089

Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amor-
phas.

Over them wandered the buffalo herds, and the elk and
the roebuck;

Over them wandered the wolves, and herds of riderless
horses;

Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with
travel;

Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's chil-
dren, 1095

Staining the desert with blood, and above their terrible
war-frails

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,

Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in
 battle,
 By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
 Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage
 marauders; 1100
 Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-run-
 ning rivers;
 And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the
 desert,
 Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the
 brookside,
 And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
 Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 1105

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Moun-
 tains,
 Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind
 him.
 Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and
 Basil
 Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to
 o'ertake him.
 Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of
 his camp-fire 1110
 Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at
 nightfall,
 When they had reached the place, they found only embers
 and ashes.
 And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies
 were weary,
 Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
 Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and van-
 ished before them. 1115

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently
 entered

Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her
sorrow.

She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Camanches,
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been
murdered. 1121

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and
friendliest welcome

Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted
among them

On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his com-
panions, 1125

Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer
and the bison,

Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the
quivering fire-light

Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped
up in their blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian
accent, 1130

All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and
reverses.

Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that an-
other

Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disap-
pointed.

Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's
compassion,

Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was
near her, 1135

She in turn related her love and all its disasters.

Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had
ended

Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale
of the Mowis;

Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a
maiden, 1140

But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the
wigwam,

Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into
the forest.

Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird
incantation,

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a
phantom, 1145

That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush
of the twilight,

Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the
maiden,

Till she followed his green and waving plume through the
forest,

And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline
listened

To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region
around her 1151

Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the
enchantress.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the
woodland. 1155

With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the
branches

Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a
secret,

Subtile sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the
swallow. 1160

It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a mo-
ment

That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phan-
tom.

With this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom
had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the
Shawnee 1165

Said, as they journeyed along,—“On the western slope of
these mountains

Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the
Mission.

Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and
Jesus;

Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as
they hear him.”

Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline an-
swered,— 1170

“Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!”
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the
mountains,

Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices.
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit
Mission. 1175

Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the vil-
lage,

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix
fastened

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-
vines,

Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling
beneath it.

This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate
arches 1180

Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the
branches.

Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer ap-
proaching,

Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening de-
votions.

But when the service was done, and the benediction had
fallen

Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the
hands of the sower, 1186

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and
bade them

Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant
expression,

Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the
forest,

And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wig-
wam. 1190

'There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of
the maize-ear

Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of
the teacher.

Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity
answered:—

“Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his
journey!” 1196

Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an ac-
cent of kindness;

But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the
snow-flakes

Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.

“Far to the north he has gone,” continued the priest; “but
in autumn, 1200

When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”

Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,

“Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”

So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,

Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions, 1205

Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that
were springing

Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now
waving about her,

Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and
forming 1210

Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by
squirrels.

Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the
maidens

Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the
cornfield.

Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her
lover. 1216

“Patience!” the priest would say; “have faith, and thy
prayer will be answered!

Look at this vigorous plant that lifts its head from the
meadow,

See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the
magnet;

It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has sus-
pended 1219

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fra-
grance,

But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is
deadly.

Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews
of nepenthe." 1226

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet
Gabriel came not;

Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin
and bluebird

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came
not.

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom. 1231
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St.
Lawrence,

Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches, 1236
She had attained at length the depth of the Michigan for-
ests,

Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons
• and places • 1239

Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden;—
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.

Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long
journey; 1245

Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her
beauty,

Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the
shadow.

Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er
her forehead,

Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morn-
ing. 1251

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Dela-
ware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he
founded.

There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of
beauty, 1255

And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the
forest,

As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts
they molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an
exile,

Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he de-
parted, 1260

Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the
city,

Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer
a stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the
Quakers,

For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country, 1265
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and
sisters.

So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,

Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts
and her footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
1270

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far
below her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway

Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in
the distance. 1275

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld
him,

Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.

Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but
transfigured; 1280

He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not
absent;

Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught
her.

So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with
aroma. 1285

Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
 Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
 Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequent-
 ing

Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the
 city,

Where distress and want concealed themselves from the
 sunlight, 1290

Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
 Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watch-
 man repeated

Loud, through the dusty streets, that all was well in the
 city,

High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
 Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through
 the suburbs 1295

Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for
 the market,

Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its
 watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
 Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild
 pigeons,

Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their
 craws but an acorn. 1300

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of Sep-
 tember,

Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the
 meadow,

So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
 Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.

Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the
 oppressor; 1305

But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;—
 Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor atten-
 dants,

Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and
woodlands;—

Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and
wicket 1310

Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to
echo

Softly the words of the Lord:—"The poor ye always have
with you."

Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy.
The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold
there

Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and
apostles, 1316

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted
and silent, 1320

Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the alms-
house.

Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the
garden,

And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among
them,

That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance
and beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by
the east-wind, 1325

Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry
of Christ Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were
wafted

Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;

Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended;" 1330

And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.

Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants, Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence

Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,

Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside. 1335

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered, Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence

Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler, Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever. 1340

Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night time; Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder, Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder

Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers, 1345

And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.

Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,

That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.

On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old
man.

Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his
temples; 1350

But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier man-
hood;

So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dy-
ing.

Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its
portals, 1355

That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit ex-
hausted

Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the
darkness,

Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sink-
ing.

Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied rever-
berations, 1360

Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that suc-
ceeded

Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.

Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his
childhood;

Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under
their shadow, 1366

As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eye-
lids,

Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his
bedside.

Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents un-
uttered 1370

Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his
tongue would have spoken.

Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside
him,

Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.

Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into
darkness,

As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a case-
ment. 1375

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sor-
row,

All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,

All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!

And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her
bosom,

Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I
thank thee!" 1380

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its
shadow,

Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleep-
ing.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and
forever, 1386

Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are
busy,

Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from
their labors,

Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed
their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of
its branches 1390

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still
busy; 1395

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of
homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring
ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the
forest.



EVANGELINE.
(From painting by Thomas Foed.)



NOTES.

Key to pronunciation. *ā* represents sound of a in ARM; *ê* represents the vowel sound in PREY, EIGHT, FATE; *î* represents vowel sound in EVE; *e* the vowel sound in MET; *û* the sound in DUNE; *û* as in BURN; *ø* as in not; *ē* as in NOR; *ō* as in NOTE.

3. **Druids**, priests of ancient Britain, who performed their religious rites in groves of oak. That tree as well as the mistletoe sometimes growing upon it was regarded by them as sacred.
of *eld*, of *old*.
4. **hoar**, white, with hair white from age.
15. **Grand-Pré**, (pronounced *grāng-prê*), French for grand prairie or large meadow, a village of Acadia, the scene of some of the story.
19. **Acadie** (pron. *á-ka-dî*), the poet's term for Acadia.
20. **Basin of Minas**, a small bay on the eastern side of the Bay of Fundy.
25. **turbulent tides**. Read about the tides in the Bay of Fundy and you will understand this allusion.
29. **Blomidon**, a rocky promontory at the entrance of the Basin of Minas.
34. **Normandy**, a part of France, formerly a distinct province, bordering the English channel.
Henries, French kings of the 16th and 17th centuries.
35. **dormer-window**, a window built upright in the sloping roof of a house and usually looking into a sleeping-room or dormitory. Hence the name.
39. **kirtle**, usually designates an upper garment; here apparently a petticoat.
40. **distaff**, the stick attached to the old-fashioned spinning wheel for holding the bunch of flax or wool to be spun.
41. **Gossiping**. The shuttle is thrown back and forth through the warp of the cloth, and the noise it makes passing to and fro is likened to the sound of words passing from one person to another in chatting or gossiping.
48. **anon**, soon after, immediately.
49. **angelus**, the ringing of the church bell in the evening announcing the time for prayers.
61. **Evangeline**. Mr. Longfellow pronounced the word with the short sound of *i* and not with the long sound.
72. **hyssop**, a plant used for sprinkling in religious ceremonies.
74. **chaplet**, a string of beads used in counting prayers.
missal, a book containing the prayers used in the service of the mass in the Roman Catholic church.
79. **confession**, a religious service.
87. **penthouse**, a shed with a roof all sloping one way, usually built against another building.
89. **Mary**, the mother of Christ.
93. **wains**, wagons.
94. **seraglio**, (pron. *se-rál-yo*) an inclosure, here of chickens and turkeys.
96. **Peter**. See Luke XXII, 60, 61.
102. **weathercocks**, weathervanes in the form of cocks. They rattled as their position shifted with the puffs of wind.
111. **patron saint**, a saint chosen as a special guardian.
115. **Lajeunesse**, (pron. *lā-zhe-nes*)
122. **the plain-song**, the Gregorian chant in church music.
128. **circle of cinders**. Did you ever watch a blacksmith put a tire on a wheel?
138. An old French story says that if a young swallow is blind its mother finds on the seashore a small stone by which she restores its sight.
144. **St. Eulalie's Day** is February 12. "If the sun shines on St. Eulalie's Day there will be apples and cider in plenty," was an old Norman saying.

149. **Scorpion**, one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac which the sun enters late in October.
150. Did you ever see or hear any birds of passage? What "passage" do they make? •
153. See Genesis XXXII, 24-30.
159. Along the north Atlantic what is called Indian summer begins about Nov. 1, which is the feast of All-Saints in the Roman Catholic Church.
170. According to ancient writers, Xerxes, the Persian king, found a plane-tree which was so beautiful that he put a handsome mantle upon it and hung it with precious jewels.
187. **briny hay**, smelling of seawater, having been cut near the seashore.
189. **saddles**, covering the collar and hames.
205. **dresser**, a set of shelves for holding dishes.
209. **Burgundy**, in the eastern part of France. Formerly a separate province. Famous for its wines, as Normandy is for its cider.
213. **bagpipe**, a wind instrument much used in Scotland.
217. Notice how the click of the clock is represented by the last two words in the line.
223. **settle**, a bench with a high back.
234. Finding a horse shoe has long been regarded as a sign of good luck.
236. Why did she light it with a coal instead of handing him a match with the pipe?
238. **Gaspereau**, a river near Grand Pré flowing into the Basin of Minas.
A ship "rides at anchor" when its anchor is holding it.
239. The purpose of the British was kept a secret until it was announced in the church.
249. **Louisburg**, a town and fort on Cape Breton Island, built by the French, besieged and captured by the British in 1745.
Beau Sejour (pron. bō se zhūr) a French fort on the isthmus between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, captured by the British just before the expulsion of the Acadians.
- Port Royal**, now Annapolis, in Nova Scotia, founded by the French and captured by the British in 1710.
259. **contract**, signing of the marriage contract between Evangeline and Gabriel.
260. The house and barn were built for the young couple, and their ground (glebe) plowed, to give them a start.
263. **René Leblanc**, the notary, a public officer authorized to attest the signatures to contracts and other documents.
280. **Loup-gareau**, (pron. lū-gā-rū) man-wolf; a man having power to change himself into a wolf to devour children.
282. **Létiche**, (pron. lê-tish).
284. It is the popular belief in some parts of Europe that the cattle honor the birth of Christ on Christmas eve by falling on their knees.
285. A nutshell with a spider in it was believed in some parts of England to have the power of curing a fever if hung around the neck.
286. Finding a four-leaved clover is still a sign of good luck with some people.
293. **in sooth**, in truth.
307. **brazen**, made of bronze. Justice is often represented by a statue of a woman, blindfolded, with a pair of balances in her left hand, and a sword in her right, to signify the impartiality, the precision, and the power which ought to belong to justice.
335. **dower**, the property a wife brings to her husband in marriage.
337. **Seal**, a stamp impressed upon or fastened to a contract or other document to make it binding in law.
344. **draught-board**, checker-board.
348. **embrasure**, the enlargement of the opening for a window, on the inside of the wall.
354. **Curfew**, the ringing of a bell in towns and villages which gave notice to the inhabitants that it was time to put out their fires and their lights. A custom universal in the middle ages.
381. See Gen. XXI, 14.

413. **Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres**, (pron. tū lê būr-zhwā dū shārtr) French for "All the People of Chartres." **Le Carillon de Dunkerque** (pron. lu kā-rī-yong dū dunkerk. "The Chimes of Dunkirk." Both are names of old French songs.
442. **Summer solstice**, about the 21st of June.
466. **Tocsin** is an alarm-bell, which is rung violently and irregularly. After the clamor of the tocsin the striking of the clock would seem solemn and distinct.
476. See Luke XXIII, 34.
484. **Ave Maria** (pron. āvē mā-rī-ā) Latin for "Hail, Mary," the first words of a Latin prayer in the Roman Catholic service to the mother of Jesus.
486. See 2 Kings, II, 11.
498. **ambrosial**, fragrant.
507. **Prophet, Moses**. See Ex. XXXIV, 29-35.
513. **grave of the living**, the church in which the men were held prisoners.
575. **refluent**, flowing back as the tide was going out.
577. **waifs**, things that come along by chance, with no owner.
579. **leaguer**, camp of an army.
584. **far up the shore**, because of the fall of the tide.
597. See acts XXVII, XXVIII.
605. **Benedicite**, Latin for "bless you."
615. **Titan-like**, like one of the mythological race of Titans who had a hundred hands.
621. **gleeds**, burning coals.
631. **Nebraska**, usually known as the Platte River.
657. **bell or book**, without funeral bell or prayer book for the burial service.
668. **household gods**, the keepsakes and heirlooms which the various families took with them.
672. **Banks of Newfoundland**, the shallow parts of the ocean bordering on Newfoundland; famous as a fishing ground and noted for fogs.
674. **savannas**, low, treeless plains.
675. **Father of Waters**, Mississippi River.
677. **Mammoth**, a very large extinct elephant.
705. **Coueurs-des-bois**, (pron. cūrur dê-bwā) runners of the wood, guides for hunters and traders in the forests.
707. **Voyageur**, (pron. vwā-yā-zhūr) a Canadian boatman who carried goods on the inland lakes and rivers.
713. "To braid St. Catherine's Tresses," a French proverb meaning to live unmarried.
732. **shards**, literally, pieces of broken earthenware. Figuratively, the sorrows of life.
733. **essay**, try, attempt.
O Muse! the goddess of poetry invoked as a patron.
741. **Beautiful River**, the Ohio.
750. **Acadian coast**, the districts near the mouth of the Mississippi, which were settled largely by exiled Acadian farmers.
Opelousas, a town and district of Louisiana.
761. **china-tree**, the soapberry, an evergreen bearing red berries used for soap, which grows in some of the southern States.
764. **Golden Coast**. The banks of the Mississippi just above New Orleans received this name because of the great richness of the soil.
766. **Bayou of Plaquemine**, (pron. plak-mîn) connected the Mississippi with the Atchafalaya.
769. **tenebrous**, dark, casting gloomy shadows.
782. **mimosa**, a genus of plants, one species of which, called the sensitive plant, closes its leaves when disturbed.
788. **shadowy aisles**, formed by the trees.
807. **Atchafalaya**, a river of Louisiana.
809. **lotus**, a beautiful water plant.
812. **sylvan**, from Latin *sylva*, a wood or forest.
816. **Wichita or Ouachita**, a river in Louisiana.
819. **cope**, anything that arches overhead.
821. See Gen. XXVIII, 10-12.
842. **tholes**, two pins set in the sides of row boats to hold the oars in place.

856. **Teche**. (pron. tesh) a bayou which flows into the Atchafalaya.
878. **Bacchantes**, the followers of Bacchus, the god of wine, according to mythology.
889. **Spanish moss**, a plant with gray stems and leaves, forming dense hanging tufts, which grows in the woods in the southern States.
889. **Mistletoe**, a parasitic, vine-like plant, with very small flowers, succeeded by white berries, which the early inhabitants of Britain and France believed had some magical power. Held sacred by the Druids, and cut from the tree with a knife or hatchet of gold.
890. **yule-tide**, Christmas time.
914. **sombrero**, a broad-brimmed hat worn by Mexicans especially.
953. **Adayes**, in Texas.
954. **Ozark Mountains**, in Arkansas and Missouri.
956. **Fates**, were three goddesses of ancient mythology who had control of human destiny.
958. **prison**, because he was so unhappy in his life as a herdsman with Basil.
961. **Olympus**, a mountain in Greece upon which the gods of the Greek mythology lived.
970. **ci-devant**, (pron. sí-de-vāng) French for former, of the past.
984. **Natchitoches**, (pron. natch-i-toch-es) a town and district of Louisiana.
997. The Mississippi Valley was explored chiefly by the French. The Acadian exiles reached New Orleans in 1765. Louisiana was ceded to Spain in 1763 and given back to France in 1801. It never belonged to England. The United States purchased it in 1803. Basil alludes to King George because it was by King George II's authority that he and his guests and friends had been driven from their "old home."
1009. **Creoles**, persons born in the southern states of European ancestors, French or Spanish.
1033. **Carthusians**, an order of monks whose first monastery was founded near Chartreux, France, and one of whose rules was strict silence.
1043. **temple**, the sky.
1044. See Daniel V, 5-29.
1057. The ancients believed that their gods, from the caverns or groves where they dwelled, answered inquiries in regard to the future.
1063. See Luke XV, 11-32.
1034. See Matthew XXV, 1-13.
1082. **Oregon**, now the Columbia River. **Walleway**, a river which rises in Nevada and flows into the Snake River.
1083. **Wind-river Mountains**, in Wyoming.
1084. **Sweet-water Valley**, also in Wyoming. **Precipitate**, as over a precipice.
1085. **Fontaine-qui-bout**, (pron. fong-tên-kí-bū) French for boiling spring; a creek in Colorado.
- Spanish Sierras**, a mountain range in Utah and New Mexico.
1091. **amorpha**, a small shrub having long dense clusters of blue-violet flowers.
1095. **Ishmael**, Genesis XXI, 14-21. The American Indians are sometimes called his descendants because of their wandering habits and warlike spirit.
1102. **anchorite monk**, one who has withdrawn from the world, a hermit.
1114. **Fata Morgana**, a mirage, by which distant objects appear as inverted.
1121. See note on line 705.
1144. **incantation**, a ceremony used for enchanting by magic.
1145. **Lilinau**, (pron. li-li-nū) the subject of an Indian legend.
1167. **Black Robe chief**, a noted Jesuit priest, so called by the Indians because of his black dress.
1182. **susurrus**, whispering.
1219. **compass-flower**, a tall, bristly plant of the American prairies whose large lower leaves are said to assume a vertical position with their edges turned north and south.
1225. **this humble plant**, faith.
1226. **asphodel**, flower which abounds in the regions of the dead, according to the ancient poets.
1227. **nepenthe**, a drug which was supposed by the Greeks to relieve pain and to drive away sorrow.
1241. **Moravians**, a Christian sect founded by John Huss in Austria in the fifteenth century. It is noted

for its missionary zeal. In some sections the sect is known as United Brethren.

1253. Penn, William Penn, a Quaker, who was the first settler in the State named after him.

1254. city, Philadelphia.

1256. re-echo, since many of the streets have the names of trees.

1257. Dryads, imaginary beings which the ancients believed lived

in the forests and protected them.

1288. Sister of Mercy, a member of an order of women in the Roman Catholic church whose work is to care for the sick and the poor.

1296. Germantown, formerly some way from Philadelphia, but now a part of the city, was settled by Germans.

1312. See Mark XIV, 7.

1355. See Exodus XII, 22, 23.



HISTORICAL FOUNDATION OF THE POEM.

In the year 1668 the territory now included in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and formerly known as Acadia was ceded by England to France, the limits not being clearly defined. During the next fifty years a few French settlements were made in the country. In 1713, as the result of a good deal of fighting in Europe between France and England and in this country between their colonies, Acadia was ceded to Great Britain. During the next half century France and England continued to be enemies and in the wars which occurred between them the American colonies participated. During all these years, although Acadia was a British possession, the inhabitants of the French settlements had more or less to do with inciting and helping the Indians in their warfare against the New England Colonies. No English settlements had been made in this territory, and efforts had been put forth by the English to win the loyalty of the French Acadians, but in vain. Naturally the people of New England, as well as of the mother country, felt aggrieved at the conduct of the Acadians. Various commissions were sent to them to get them to take the oath of allegiance to the British crown which they invariably declined to do. They pretended to be neutrals, but the colonists of New England were convinced that their neutrality simply meant secret hostility and warfare. What followed is thus told by our historians:

“The campaign of the year 1755, which had opened in Nova Scotia with so much success and which promised a glorious termination, disappointed the expectations and awakened the fears of the colonists. The melancholy and total defeat of the army under General Braddock while on his march against Fort Du Quesne, threw a gloom over the British Provinces. Niagara and Crown Point were not only unsubdued, but it was evident that Governor Shirley

would have to abandon for this year at least the attempt; while Louisburg was re-inforced, the savages let loose upon the defenseless settlements of the English, and the tide of war seemed ready to roll back upon the invaders. Amidst this general panic Governor Lawrence and his council took into consideration the necessary measures that were to be adopted toward the Acadians. * * * It was finally determined to remove and disperse this whole people among the British colonies where they could not unite in any offensive measures, and where they might be naturalized to the government and country. The execution of this unusual and general sentence was allotted chiefly to the New England forces, the commander of which (Colonel



Winslow), from the humanity and firmness of his character, was well qualified to carry it into effect. It was without doubt, as he himself declared, disagreeable to his natural make and temper, and his principles of implicit obedience as a soldier were put to a severe test by this ungrateful kind of duty. * * * They were kept entirely ignorant of their destiny until the moment of their captivity, and were overawed or allured to labor at the gathering in of their harvest, which was secretly allotted to the use of their conquerors."—*T. C. Haliburton, Account of Nova Scotia.*

"The Acadian prisoners and their families were divided into groups, answering to their several villages, in order that those of the same village might, as far as possible, go in the same vessel. It was also provided that the members of each family should remain together; and notice was given them to hold themselves in readiness. "But even now," writes Colonel Winslow, "I could not persuade the people I was in earnest." Their doubts were soon ended. The first embarkation took place on the 8th of October, 1755. * * * When all or nearly all had been sent off from the various points of departure, such of the houses and barns as remained standing were burned, that those who had escaped might be forced to come in and surrender themselves. The whole number removed from the province, men, women, and children, was a little above 6,000. Many remained behind, and while some of these withdrew to Canada, Isle St. Jean, and other distant retreats, the rest lurked in the woods or returned to their old haunts, whence they waged for several years a guerilla warfare against the English. Yet their strength was broken and they were no longer a danger to the province. Of their exiled countrymen, one party overpowered the crew of the vessel that carried them, ran her ashore at the mouth of the St. John, and escaped. The rest were distributed among the colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. Though the Acadians were not in general ill treated, their

lot was a hard one. Many of the exiles eventually reached Louisiana, where their descendents now form a numerous and distinct population. * * * What ever judgment may be passed on the cruel measure of wholesale expatriation, it was not put in execution until every resource of patience and persuasion had been tried in vain.”—*F. Parkman, Montcalm and Wolfe.*

“The removal of the French Acadians from their homes was one of the saddest episodes in modern history, and no one will attempt to justify it; but it should be added that the genius of our great poet has thrown a somewhat false and distorted light over the character of the victims. They were not the peaceful and simple-hearted people they are commonly supposed to have been, and their houses, as we learn from contemporary evidence, were by no means the picturesque, vine clad and strongly built cottages described by the poet. The people were notably quarrelsome among themselves and to the last degree superstitious. * * * Even in periods when France and England were at peace the French Acadians were a source of perpetual danger to the English colonists. Their claim to a qualified allegiance was one which no nation then or now could sanction. But all this does not justify their expulsion and the manner in which it was executed.”—*C. C. Smith, The Wars on the Seaboard.*

METER.

The chief characteristic of poetry is that the accented syllables come at such regular intervals that we feel the rhythm, as it is called. In other words, we can beat time when we read the poetry, putting proper stress on the accented syllables.

Evangeline is written in what is called hexameter verse, there being six accents in each line. The prevailing foot is the dactyl, consisting of an accented syllable followed by two unaccented syllables, but so often other feet are

substituted in place of the dactyl that the poem has to be called irregular in its meter. However, when you once get the swing of its movement it is not hard to read it and make the rhythm distinct. The first line is a fine example of a dactylic hexameter line:

“This is the | forest prim | eval. With | murmuring |
winds and the | hemlocks”

The first syllable in each foot is accented and each accented syllable is followed by two unaccented syllables, except in the last foot, where the accented syllable is followed, as it is in the last foot of every line, by only one unaccented syllable.

Here is an irregular line, of which there are many in the poem:

“Stand like | Druids of | old, with | voices | sad and pro- |
phetic.”

The first, third, and fourth accents in this line, as well as the last are each followed by only one unaccented syllable. By reading a number of lines the more or less regular recurrence of accents will be felt and in most cases the feet can be easily discriminated.

For example, here is a passage the meter of which is quite irregular:

Many a | weary | year had | passed since the | burning of |
Grand Pré,

When on the | falling | tide the | freighted | vessels de- |
parted,

Bearing a | nation, with | all its | household | gods into |
exile,

Exile with | out an | end, and with | out an ex | ample in |
story.

For young people who have not yet studied the laws of meter it may not be worth while to attempt to teach them to scan all the lines. But it contributes to delicacy in reading and appreciating poetry to become familiar with the meter and rhythm. Hence in reading *Evangeline* some care should be taken to train the young readers to give due force to the accents, but taking care not to overdo the matter.

Mr. Longfellow's effort to adapt hexameter verse to our ordinary English speech is not altogether satisfactory. Beautiful as the poem is in other respects, the meter sometimes gives rather a strained and unnatural effect. It often puts a false accent on the first word or syllable in the line. It often requires the usual order of words to be inverted. This is not rare in poetry, and when it does not occur too often has a pleasant effect, but in *Evangeline* there are places where it becomes unnatural if not monotonous in its frequency.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father, a man of means, was a leading lawyer of the city, and the boy had in his home the advantage of books in abundance and of cultivated society. He began to write verses when he was only thirteen, some of them not very successful ones, it must be confessed, although they were printed in the newspapers. At fourteen he entered Bowdoin (pron. bō'din) College at Brunswick, Maine, from which he graduated in 1825 at the age of eighteen, with Nathaniel Hawthorne as a classmate. He began to study law with his father, but was soon offered the professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin, with permission to visit Europe and spend what time he desired to in travel and study for the purpose of better preparing himself for his duty as a professor. He stayed three years and returned to his native land a

master of the four great European languages and literatures, French, German, Italian, and Spanish.

In 1831 he married Miss Mary Potter, a beautiful and most highly accomplished young lady of Portland, and three years of most happy home life were spent in the old college town.

He had written and lectured a good deal and in 1833 published his first important work in prose, "Outre-Mer, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea." In 1835 he was elected to the chair of modern languages in Harvard College. To still better equip himself for his work and to give special attention to Switzerland and Scandinavia, he again visited Europe, accompanied by his wife. After delightful visits in London, Copenhagen, and Stockholm, Mrs. Longfellow was taken sick and died in Rotterdam. In that beautiful poem, "The Footsteps of Angels," the poet pays loving tribute to the departed wife, 'the Being Peauteous.'

Upon his return from Europe he took up his abode in Cambridge, taking lodgings in the famous Cragie House, which had been Washington's headquarters during the siege of Boston. While traveling in Switzerland during his last tour, he met Miss Frances Appleton, who seven years later, in 1843, became his wife. Her father, a wealthy Boston merchant, bought the Cragie estate and settled the newly married couple in the historic house as its owners. Here Mr. Longfellow lived until his death.

The poet's study was the front room on the right, used by General Washington as a reception room. By the fireplace still stands the "children's arm-chair." The chamber over the study was the children's nursery, and "The Old Clock on the Stairs" tells of scenes in the happy home where five children were raised, two sons and three daughters.

To widen a street the city authorities of Cambridge deemed it necessary to cut down the great "spreading chestnut tree" referred to in "The Village Blacksmith."

The poet protested in vain. The children of the public schools of Cambridge by their contributions had a large arm-chair made from the wood of the tree and presented it to the poet on his seventy-second birthday. He prized the gift highly as shown in the poem "From My Arm-Chair."

Mr Longfellow's fame, already considerable, was greatly increased in 1847 by the publication of *Evangeline*, which was accepted at once as his masterpiece. Its popularity attests its beauty and power to touch the heart. The author was indebted to Hawthorne for the subject. The three friends, Charles Sumner, Hawthorne, and Longfellow were dining together, when Hawthorne narrated the legend of the two Acadian lovers, separated and wandering for years, meeting only to die, which deeply impressed him as a good foundation for a novel, and for a time he thought of using it for that purpose, but finally gave it up. Then Longfellow asked his permission to use it for a poem. He freely consented and was one of the first persons to congratulate the author of *Evangeline*.

In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship in order to devote himself wholly to writing. *Evangeline* was followed at brief intervals by other volumes, *Hiawatha* appearing in 1855 and reaching a higher instant popularity even than *Evangeline*. Encouraged by his success in these two "native" poems, as they may be called, he published a third, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" in 1858, he himself, as well as his friend-poet, Bryant, being a direct descendent of John Alden and Priscilla. These three are the most popular of American poems. They were composed during the bright mature years of the poet's life, while his family was growing up about him, and his power and fame were increasing.

In the midst of his happiness a second terrible calamity suddenly changed his joy into sadness, the death of Mrs. Longfellow. One day in July, 1861, in the library with her two little girls, she was sealing up some small pack-

ages of their curls which she had just cut off, when a burning match falling to the floor set fire to her light dress. Her injuries were fatal and she died the next morning. In trying to aid her the poet himself was so severely burned that he was unable to attend her funeral, which took place on the anniversary of their marriage day.

Crushed in spirit Longfellow set to work to translate the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, finding the work absorbing and consoling. It was published in 1867, as was also a volume of poems which had been composed while the larger task was in progress.

In 1868 Longfellow with his daughters visited Europe and was warmly welcomed everywhere. The two oldest universities of England conferred honorary degrees upon him, and Queen Victoria invited him to dine with her.

During the next ten years the poet was industrious, nearly every year being marked by the appearance of some important work.

Longfellow's seventy-fifth birthday had just been celebrated in the schools all over the country, when on March 15, 1882, he wrote the last lines of his last poem, "Bells of San Blas:"

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light.
It is day break every where.

The following Saturday four Boston schoolboys paid him a visit by his permission. He treated them with his invariable kindness, writing his autograph in their albums. He was taken ill that night, and died the next Friday, March 24, 1882.

Space does not permit an enumeration of his works. If the sales of an author's works are a measure of his popularity, Longfellow is not only the most popular poet of America, but the most popular poet of the English language in this century.

INTRODUCTION.

The arrangement of the matter in this book indicates the editor's firm conviction as to the plan which should be pursued in starting young people in the reading of literature. The poem stands first. It is not preceded by even a preface or an introduction. When young people take up a literary work, the very first thing for them to do is to begin to read the work itself. They should not be halted at the threshold to read or hear a preliminary explanation or anything of the kind. All notes and comments should be kept in the background. Even notes at the foot of the page are too obtrusive. It is of first importance that pupils should take, and should delight to take, the clear text and do what they can with it, consulting the notes only as a last resort. Nothing should tend to give them the impression, which they too often get, that the work in hand is beyond their power to enjoy without help. Could anything more completely spoil the anticipated pleasures of a journey than to feel that we can make it only by the help of crutches? For the hearty traveler the conquest of rugged places but adds zest to his pleasure. To dig and delve for the meaning of a passage is a wholesome exertion which no young person should be afraid of. While explanation is at times absolutely necessary and should be accessible, it should not be furnished too freely nor should the reader be too eager to obtain it.

The notes to this edition are put out of the way as far as practicable. They are full enough to meet the needs of the least mature while they can readily be ignored by those who have no use for them. The dictionary must be consulted. Passages must be talked over. Questions must be asked and answered. Sentiment should be evoked. The notes leave abundant service for the wise and sympathetic teacher to render.

THE DANGER OF FORMAL STUDY.

This poem is very simple in its structure, and the editor has grave doubt as to the wisdom of requiring young readers to put much effort on the formal analysis of it, or of any other poem, in fact. With more mature classes the careful analysis and minute study of one or two masterpieces is of great value. But this is a kind of work which is easily overdone.

ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE THE CHIEF OBJECT.

The one great object to be aimed at in the study of literature in school is to make the pupils enjoy it, to fill them full of enthusiasm for it. When they leave school, as many of them do at the end of the 8th grade, or in the first year of the High School, if they do not look back upon their reading in the English classics as a source of genuine pleasure and delight, the literature course has been largely a failure for them. The formal study of a literary production easily becomes so burdensome for young people as to create a distaste for the reading of the best literature instead of promoting a taste for it. Such a result is to be deplored, as its effects last through life. No amount of knowledge obtained by the pupil can compensate for his failure to acquire in youth a fondness for the best reading.

DON'T ABUSE GOOD LITERATURE.

The best teachers are careful not to use a choice piece of literature as the basis of an exercise in grammar. Occasionally it may be well to analyze or diagram an involved sentence or to give the syntax or etymology of a word in order to bring out the meaning of a passage more clearly. But such work for general purposes should not find place in the literature class.

Nor should the literature lesson or reading be made a go cart for hauling all sorts of historical and geographical facts into consideration. In studying any work of art the

gaining of information should be a wholly subordinate and incidental matter. The purpose of art is to arouse feeling and emotion, to call forth sentiment. This purpose is thwarted by the painstaking study of allusions in which the gaining of information over shadows everything else. Of course it will not do to overlook that amount of knowledge which is essential to the interpretation of the literature. But when a class is set to work to run down in a laborious and encyclopedic way all the references in a choice piece of literature a mistake has been made. The information may be valuable, to be sure, but let it be gained in some other connection.

HOW MANY TIMES SHOULD A WORK BE READ?

If a class is willing to read a literary work a second or a third time, well and good. Encourage it by all means. It is characteristic of a true work of art that the more we study it, the more we find in it to enjoy. But it must not be forgotten that the taste and emotion of young people must have time to grow to the level of what they are exercised on. If a class shows no desire to read *Evangeline* a second time, it would be unwise to press it. Let them pass on to other works. With proper training, in time, their appetite will surely call for *Evangeline* again. That will be an indication of growth.

The writer has very little sympathy with the advice so often given that a literary work should be read by a class two or three times, each time with a specifically different purpose, to master the plot, or to study the characters, or to study the art, style, figures of speech, etc. That is all right if interest and enjoyment can be sustained. But people who enjoy literature do not read in that way in the home or study.

READING ALOUD.

It is a serious omission in the class study of such a poem as *Evangeline* not to have it read aloud. To be sure the

poorest readers in a class will sadly mar it. But that must be endured. Give all a chance. Lead them to covet it. If they once come to truly appreciate the sweet pathos of the poem and to be touched with the tender sympathy which it ought to create, they will soon become feeling and appreciative readers.

MEMORIZING.

Pupils should be encouraged to memorize and recite the most beautiful and striking passages in any work that they read. • The young person who does not enter into this work in school with alacrity may expect to see the day when he will regret it.

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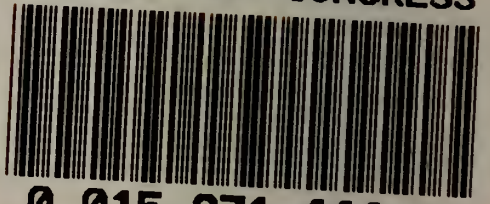
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